

The Potter: The Story That Changed My Life

Throughout our lives, we hear countless stories. Some make us laugh. Some make us think. Some are quickly forgotten.

Then there are the stories that leave a permanent imprint on our hearts.

Years ago, I heard a story I call *The Potter*. Though it is short, it brought me a new perspective on pain, purpose, and healing. It helped me understand my own brokenness in a way I never had before.

The story reads:

“A Potter was walking along a barren road and discovered an ash pile with trash and broken pottery. The Potter saw beauty in the broken vessel and collected all the broken pieces intending to repair it on His potter’s wheel.

When the Potter finished rebuilding the vessel, He set it up high for all to see. The vessel was happy to be whole again but asked the Potter, “Why did you leave these cracks in me?”

The Potter simply replied, “So when I put my light inside of you, it will shine through the cracks and penetrate the darkness of others.”

As I reflected on *The Potter*, I came to a humbling realization: for years, I had been looking at my brokenness through the lens of self-pity. I focused on what had been done to me, what had been taken from me, and the pain I had endured. I saw the cracks and wished they would disappear. I carried shame over wounds I never asked for and spent far too much time asking, “Why did this happen to me?” But this story helped me understand that my brokenness was never the end of the story, and it was never solely about me.

The experiences that led to my brokenness and shame were not meant to define me; they were meant to prepare me. God was not wasting my pain. He was shaping my purpose. The cracks I desperately wanted hidden were the very places through which His light could shine. My journey was never just about surviving hardship—it was about becoming a vessel through which hope, compassion, and healing could flow to others. The Potter showed me that my story was not about my wounds; it was about His light. And the greater purpose of that light was not simply to heal me, but to illuminate the path for others who are still walking through their own darkness.

Like many people, I had spent years wishing certain chapters of my life had never happened. I wanted the painful experiences erased. I wanted the scars removed. I wanted to be whole without any evidence that I had ever been broken.

What struck me most about the story was where the Potter found the vessel.

He found it in an ash pile.

Discarded.

Broken.

Surrounded by trash.

The vessel had been abandoned and overlooked by everyone else.

Yet the Potter saw something entirely different.

He saw beauty.

He saw value.

He saw potential.

While others saw something beyond repair, the Potter saw something worth restoring.

That realization challenged me.

How many times do we look at ourselves through the lens of our failures, disappointments, mistakes, wounds, or painful experiences? How often do we define ourselves by what has happened to us rather than by what we can become?

The Potter reminds us that our condition does not determine our value.

The vessel was broken, but it was still valuable.

It was shattered, but it was still worth saving.

It was damaged, but it was not beyond restoration.

Perhaps the most profound part of the story is the vessel's question:

“Why did you leave these cracks in me?”

That question resonates with so many of us.

Why didn't God remove every reminder of the pain?

Why didn't He completely erase every scar?

Why didn't He make us look as though we had never been wounded?

The Potter's answer changed my perspective forever.

“So when I put my light inside of you, it will shine through the cracks and penetrate the darkness of others.”

Suddenly, the cracks had purpose.

They were no longer evidence of destruction.

They became pathways for light.

The story also reminded me of an experience in my own life.

In my childhood, I was dying from kidney failure. A dead kidney had been releasing deadly toxins into my body for nearly fifteen years. Although I did not realize the severity of the situation for much of that time, I was essentially a dead girl walking. The only way to save my life was through major surgery to remove the dead kidney.

The surgery was successful, but recovery was a journey. It took more than five years for my body to heal from the damage those years of toxicity had caused.

Today, I carry a scar from that surgery that I see every single day.

That scar reminds me of what happened, but it no longer causes me pain.

I do not wake up every morning grieving over the surgery. I do not spend my days dwelling on the years I was sick. Why? Because the scar is no longer evidence of a wound. It is evidence of healing.

The scar tells a story.

It reminds me that I survived.

It reminds me that what was once poisoning me has been removed.

It reminds me that I am no longer dying.

When I think about the cracks in the Potter's vessel, I think about that scar. The cracks remained, not to remind the vessel of its brokenness, but to testify to the work of the Potter. In the same way, some of the scars we carry are not there to shame us or keep us trapped in the past. They are reminders of God's healing, His faithfulness, and His power to restore what was once broken.

The crack is not the story.

The healing is.

And through both the scar and the crack, His light shines.

The places where we have suffered often become the places where we have the greatest compassion.

The battles we survive often become the testimonies that encourage someone else.

The wounds that once brought us pain can become the very places through which hope flows into another person's life.

Many of us spend years trying to hide our cracks.

We cover them.

We deny them.

We wish they weren't there.

But what if the cracks are not something to be ashamed of?

What if they are part of the story God intends to use?

What if the very thing we wish could be erased is the very thing that allows His light to reach someone walking through darkness?

“While fighting the pain of the past and fearing the future, we can’t enjoy the gift of the present.” –Vadress

This story taught me that healing is not always the absence of scars.

Sometimes healing is learning that God can use the scars.

It is realizing that restoration does not mean pretending the brokenness never happened. It means allowing the Master Potter to rebuild what was shattered and trusting Him with the finished product.

Today, when I encounter someone struggling through heartbreak, loss, rejection, abuse, disappointment, or despair, I think about the vessel.

I think about the cracks.

I think about the light.

“If you lose yourself in God, you will find yourself in God.” –Vadress

And I am reminded that our greatest impact often comes from the places where we were once broken.

The Potter never promised a life without cracks.

But He did promise that He could fill the vessel with light.

And when He does, those cracks become powerful reminders that brokenness is not the end of the story.

In the hands of the Potter, broken pieces can become a masterpiece.

And through every crack, His light can still shine.